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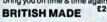
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SILK & SATIN Another great Knave special issue



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PENPOWER Special readers



Photographed by James Freeman

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KNAVE PLAYS **JOKER**

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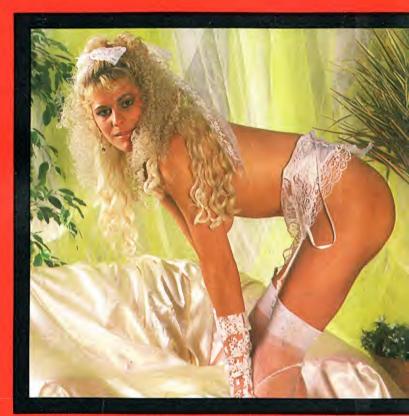


Welcome to the very first Knave Silk & Satin Special Issue! The Knave beauties you see on this page are just some of the girls in this special issue who are modelling Knave's very own range of stunning, sexy lingerie. Knickers and negligees, body stockings and basques, camisoles, suspenders and stockings you should find something here to please *every* special lady in your life! Each item of lingerie photographed in this special issue can be purchased direct from Knave, too! Just turn to pages 84-93 for further details — but not until you have feasted your eyes on all our lovely lasses ...

There's more! Not only do we give you six of our most stunning models in this special issue, you also get a healthy helping of your favourite readers' letters, confessions, jokes and cartoons! Apart from a night out with your favourite Knave cover girl, what more could you ask for?!?



















Meet horny Helma — a newcomer to Knave. She just loves showing off her ample charms and dressing up in the sexiest lingerie the Knave wardrobe can provide. We think she looks pretty damn fine in this slinky camisole — and so might your good lady! See pages 84-93 for details on how to order this camisole — and for a further glimpse or two of Helma modelling some other Knave lingerie styles.







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Male Mail

I am 18 and female — one of the minority in a predominantly male working atmosphere. I can, if I'm lucky enough to get the chance, sometimes sneak a look at a copy of Knave, which I think is a very good magazine with many interesting articles. But I, and a few of the other women who I work with would like to have a magazine that we can look at; we're a bit fed up with seeing just girlie photos! What we want is a mag with male shots, tastefully done, of course. But we are at a bit of a loss, not knowing what good magazines there are of this type that we can buy in the shops. I have been asked to write to you to see if you can advise us in our search, and give us any suggestions of a really good magazine with plenty of male photos in it that we can ogle!

I hope that you will be able to help us. - S. S., Can-

But of course, my dear— nothing would give me grea-ter pleasure. (Well, almost nothing.) You could start by buying Knave's sister magazine Fiesta. Every issue features a full-colour page sub-tly entitled "One For The Ladies", showing a wellendowed man displaying his credentials. — Ed.

Up The Junction

Having just read a letter in Knave from T.A. of Cleveland, in which he tells us how his wife sat on a bar stool in a pub and revealed all that was under her skirt, I was prompted to write to

Not long after my wife | and I were married, we came to an understanding in which she should find herself a boyfriend. The first one she became friendly with wasn't very good, but at least he served as a firsttimer, and we agreed for her to try her luck again. This time she met a man who lived in a flat near Clapham

After a couple of meetings they went to his flat and, as my wife told me afterwards, they found themselves sitting upon a settee directly opposite the fireplace. They got down to preliminary petting; the unfastening of blouse buttons and the careful appreciation of my wife's tits. Anyway, it appears that the man left my wife for a few minutes to go to another room. Whilst he was away, my wife suddenly realized that in front of the fireplace there was a huge mirrored firescreen, which reflected her legs back at her beautifully. She also realized

that the settee beside her was equally reflected. She deduced that if she could see where he was going to sit, then he could see where she was sitting too ... and the mirror reflected her legs beautifully, didn't it? Quickly, she told me, she

got up from the seat and took off her panties, leaving on her suspenders and stockings. She reseated herself carefully, ensuring her skirt was riding high, and arranged herself with her legs wide apart, assuring herself that there would be little doubt that when the man returned he would be

certain to see that which she I wanted him to see. (I believe she said that her bra was off by now, though I'm not certain)

When he returned and sat beside my wife he didn't notice anything. It didn't take long, however — he was very pleased and, of course, took it for granted that it was an invitation to indulge himself. Which, of course, it was. He fucked her twice.

The photo of Jeanie which T.A. kindly sent with his letter served very well toremind me of the incident. Ido hope you hear frommore readers who favourthis type of amusement. —J.C., Andover.

Hotel Del ...

Fiona suggested that we go back to the hotel. I was surprised as it was only four o'clock. "It's early. I thought you wanted to improve your suntan," I said to her.

"The heat has made me randy! Wouldn't you like to fuck me before dinner?" she



asked. I reminded her that in the morning she had said was making her sore from

fucking. She giggled. Fiona was 48 and I found that hard to believe. When I first set eyes on her I had put her age at the same as mine, 35. I was looking for a female companion while on holiday in Italy and started to flirt with her. I did not have to try very hard because she was hoping to find a male

My third night at the hotel was spent in her bed. There had been a dance and we had spent the whole evening together. Both of us were quite merry when the dance ended and I took her up to her room, I was quite prepared for a rebuff when I attempted to kiss her. Instead there was a warm response from her lips, her arms went up around my neck and she pressed her full breasts hard against my

I eased her into her room and closed the door. My hand closed over her left breast. Under her dress could feel a skimpy bra as felt for the nipple which instantly hardened. When I began to unzip her dress at the back she murmured that she had to go to the bathroom. I let her go.

A few minutes later she came out. In her hand was a pink pantie-girdle and her tights. "Feeling better?" I asked, I thought you'd got stuck." She laughed softly.
"I was afraid to go to the

one downstairs in case you disappeared with one of those girls you kept eyeing.' I took her in my arms. "I

Secret sex lives are no fun — so share your sexy stories with us! Drop us a lurid line or two, write to: Penpower, Knave, P.O. Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ. Don't forget that we pay £50 — yes, £50 — for the best letter each month, plus £5 for every other letter published. You won't get your money, though, if you don't give us your full name and address — in complete confidence, of course, we won't publish it. We're waiting — so get writing!



prefer the more mature woman, much more sexy in the thirties." I unzipped the back of her dress and slid my hand into the waistband of her half-slip and began to caress her rounded buttocks. As we kissed and fondled each other so we also began to remove each others' clothing. Her breasts were full and round and I have never seen such big nipples.

I bent to kiss her breast, then suck on a nipple as I felt between her legs. She quickly became extremely wet as I fingered her cunt lips and her erect clitoris. I lay her on her bed and made to pick up my linen jacket. "You don't néed anything," she murmured, and I thought she must have taken her own precautions. She held out her arms to me, opening her legs and drawing up one knee, exposing her hairy cunt to my gaze. She was fully aroused, the lips swollen and gaping, the inner lips protruding, her vagina a gaping inlet for my throbbing prick!

As I clambered onto the bed so she grabbed hold of my cock: "Put it in! I'm ready," she gasped out, and gently pulled me down onto and into her by my prick. I slid right in as her arms went about me and her legs locked around me. Under me her hips began to move. "Fuck me. Hard as you like. Fuck me!" she urged.

I got one arm around her shoulders as I began to thrust in and out of her slippery love tunnel. She grabbed my free hand and pressed it to her breast. It was warm and resilient and as we fucked so I squeezed it and kneaded it, the nipple like a dagger In my palm. At first I could not feel much but then she began to contract her vagina. "My nipples. Play with my nipples. I'm going to come!" Fiona gasped out, her hips writhing and rolling, her vagina tightening even more.

I took a nipple between finger and thumb. It was hard, like India rubber. I squeezed it, rolled it around. I felt her thighs tightening: "Oh!" she gasped. "Oohhh!" A great shudder shook her: "I'm coming. I'm coming," she groaned. I was on the verge. I tried to hold back. I began to shoot and rammed deep into her, holding it there as I spurted endlessly into her while her movements slowed under me.

We lay gasping, covered in sweat. At last she stirred and my limp cock slipped out of her. "You shot off a lot. It's soaking down there. Let me get a tissue." I rolled off her and she sat up. From a bedside cabinet she took a tissue and I watched her wipe her-

She suddenly said: "What would you say if I told you you had just screwed a granny?" I told her she was kidding. "My eldest daughter was thirty, two days ago,"

she said.
"All I can say is you must have started very young," I

replied.
"I had my first baby at 18, so now you know how old I am." I told her she did not her down beside me and her all during the holiday. rolled half on top of her and began to suck her tit. She took hold of my hand and pushed it downwards. I needed no guidance, I began to masturbate her and then suit and Fiona rolled over to finger fuck her. She in

We often fucked during the day as well. One day she said she wanted to leave the beach. So I fastened the and sat up. She had not turn took hold of my prick been joking when she said and began to deftly work on that she felt randy. Those

"As I clambered onto the bed so she grabbed hold of my cock, gasped out, and gently pulled."

were fucking once more.

I discovered that Fiona lived only an hour's drive from me back here in England. That she was married to an elderly business man who rarely fucked her. He never had time for holidays and so she took one alone, having a sexual fling once a year. Didn't she have a boyfriend on the side, I asked?

"No. It's a case of 99 change hands at least twice a week. I'd go mad if I didn't," she giggled. I knew she was right in this respect because I look it. "Now you are just had her four times that night being kind," she said. I pulled and spent every night with

it. Ten minutes later we I nipples of hers were sticking out like organ stops! I began to get the horn and she noticed. "You'd better put your slacks on," she said and got to her feet to put on a beach robe.

We walked back to the hotel hand in hand. "I'm soaking my pants, I'm so hot for you. I want your cock jammed right up me. Is it still stiff?" she asked. I assured her that it was as stiff as a poker. "You never said a truer word. You never stop poking me!" she giggled.

Then, when we were alone in the hotel lift she took my hand and put it into her beach robe. "Feel how wet I am," she said softly. The crotch of her swim suit was wet through. She pushed my hand away when attempted to masturbate her. "Not yet."

As I helped her off with her robe in her hotel room, I began to unfasten my slacks. I did not even give her time to take off her swimming costume, but began to guide her towards the bed. She managed to kick herself free of her swim pants before I laid her on the bed and mounted her.

Her legs locked round me as I slid right up into her slip-pery vagina. I unfastened her bra and pushed it up. She moaned her pleasure and began thrusting up under me as I bent my head to suck on her rigid nipples. "Fuck me!" she groaned and I



began to do so slowly. Under me her hips rolled and writhed as she sought to bring herself off. I pulled out when it got too much for me and turned her over. made her kneel, her breasts

dangling.

I stuck my prick in again and took hold of her breasts. I began to gently swing them to and fro and to tease her nipples. She was gasping for breath. "Make me come. Make me come, you sod!"

she panted.
"Make yourself come, you randy bitch," I told her. "Bastard!" she gasped and began to masturbate again. I could feel her fingers rubbing at the base of my prick as she quickly brought herself off once more. She collapsed onto the bed as she climaxed and my prick came out. I turned her onto her back again and once more I mounted her. As I began to fuck her in earnest so again her legs locked around me and she crushed me in her

We showered together afterwards and my soapy hands on her tits excited her getting me to masturbate her to yet another orgasm. Once aroused, Fiona seemed to be almost insatiable!

The holiday ended all too soon. When we said goodbye Fiona promised she would get in touch with me. I had given her my address and phone number, but she did not give me hers. All I knew was that she did not live very far from me and that her husband was an elderly businessman. looked in the phone book when I got home, I tried several numbers, no luck. I guessed they were not listed.

Three weeks went by and then one evening my phone rang. It was Fiona. She asked if I was pleased to hear from her. I told her I was. "How pleased?" she asked. I assured her that I was very pleased.

"Are you as pleased as am? I mean, I'm all wet just talking to you!" I told her the

poker was handy! She giggled and then said: "Look, it's Friday. Are you free for the weekend? Can I come over? My husband is away on business. If you say no I'll be changing hands all weekend and go blind!"

I took a shower and decided not to dress. I put on my dressing gown and could hardly keep my hands away from my raging prick. I imagined her lying in her bed alone and wanking herself. I turned on the TV and waited. Sooner than I had expected my door bell rang. I spoke over the intercom and it was her. I pressed the

button to let her in. Not caring that I might be seen on the landing I went out to the lift. I hid around the corner and when she came out I grabbed her from behind, my hands spanning those big tits, crushing them. She squealed, realized it was me and put her hand over mine as I half carried her into my flat. I kicked the door closed behind me, still fondling her breasts as she lay back against me. Under her dress was a skimpy bra and her nipples were rigid.

"Oh, please stop! I'm so excited I could almost come with you doing that." She took hold of my wrists and pulled: "I'll wet myself — I'm so worked up!" Reluctantly I took my hands from her

I led her to my small bedroom. "Help me," she said, her voice thick with lust, as she began to lift her dress

'up. Under it she wore a satin-like waist slip and beneath that matching french knickers. I pulled them down and discovered that she had a corselette of some sheer, almost transparent material. My hands trembled as I undid the hook and eye fastening of the wet crotch.

As she went to sit down

asked her to keep it and her grip top stockings on. The corselette zipped open at the front and I soon had her breasts bared. While I paid them the attention that she liked so, her hand went to work on my prick. "I've never fucked a granny in a corset," I told her when I was mounted and fucking

"I nearly wet myself the first time you grabbed me, when you fucked me up against the wall."

on the bed, so I kept my hand between her thighs, my fingers caressing her bloated cunt lips. Again she caught hold of my wrist, but instead of pulling my hand away she indicated she wanted me to masturbate her. She came off in seconds and began to pant, wide eyed. My dressing gown had somehow come unfastened and she took my prick in her hand.

"I must have this! Put me up against the wall!" she demanded, getting to her feet. She kicked off her knickers and holding up her clothes put one foot on the seat of the chair. That's how we fucked the first time, for all of thirty seconds!

I took her into my arms and helped her off with her dress and waist slip. Her sexy looking corselette got me half hard again and I

her much more leisurely.

She had not been kidding about her likelihood of going blind — that is if masturbating does have that effect on women. She told me that she had been doing it daily, sometimes two or three times - since the holiday. I admitted that I had my share of it too. "But I've never done it so much, not since I was in my teens," she said. "And I honestly nearly did wet myself when you grabbed me, and when you fucked me up against the wall! I was coming all the time!'

Around nine we went out to dinner at a secluded place that she knew. All during the meal my eyes feasted on her breasts, the nipples making sharp points in the bodice of her close-fitting dress. Several times she caressed the neck of the wine bottle lasciviously. By the time we left I had another hard-on and as she drove us back to my flat I caressed her thigh through her dress. In the lift she pressed her fingers to her pussy and rubbed herself through her clothing: "I don't half want another good fuck-ing," she said softly as I fondled her breast.

Sometimes she manages to get away only once a week. Sometimes more frequently. Several times she

continued on page 18







has spent weekends with me. I never know for certain, but always wait expectantly for her phone call. — Tom, Harlow.

The Silent Majority

I have been following the magazine's progress for a few years and thought I might put forward a few suggestions.

Twas attracted by three areas in particular, namely Penpower, It Happened To Me, and the Pictorials.

All I believe have suffered. The first two in brevity and the pictorials by their standard presentation instead of their unusual locations. I also

The pictorials. We do try I find female ears very excitand vary them as much as we can, but I quite accept that we don't achieve per-fection each month. All I can say is, we do our best.

As for your remarks about 'perverted' sex, I certainly can't agree with you. In fact, I regard your view as a very narrow-minded one. How-ever, you do raise an important issue — what do readers want or expect from Knave magazine? Some other magazines major on the more chauvinistic, macho aspects of male interest, filling their pages with articles and pictures about traction engine rallies, war exploits, car tests and sport. I don't agree with this editorial think you now dwell far too | stance - although | must

ing, sensual, and great. It is my fetish since many years ago. Before I was shunning this fetish of mine, I looked upon it as degrading, humiliating when the entire world loved, raved, adored female bosoms, cunt, ass, buttocks, nose, arm-pits, hair, legs, foot. Yet here I was loving, adoring and getting turned on by female ears ... So certainly something is wrong with me, I thought. I shunned myself, trying to curb the feeling, never talk-ing about ears to any female

I went to bed with. But now I am enjoying female ears; I have lost my shame. When I go to bed with a girl I feel the texture of her ears, inspect the ear totally from all sides, fondle her ears like that of a cat or a dog, pull her ears from behind, from front, twist her ears, take the ear in my mouth, inspect every curve by my tongue, lead to the bed by the ears, and lastly while in the action of having my coitus, I catch both her ears as I ejaculate myself. I certainly play with her nip-ples with my fingers, and my tongue explores her pubic area, but at the same time, I never leave her ears alone. The entire process of love is carried out with and by the

I would be happy if you could include in your forthcoming issues, pictures in which ears figure. Ears could be shown being fondled, twisted, taken in the mouth or loved by the tongue. I have found that whilst

going to bed with a female. she is at first reluctant when I catch her ear - she either tries to pull her head away or she tries to pull the hand off her ear. I always submit at the beginning, then slowly encroach on her ears as soon as she is relaxed, then grip her ear tight and ask her why she does not like being caught by her ears. Mostly girls feel humiliated and I see no reason for that. I tell her frankly that I like ears, and can only come to erection if I go through the process of her ears. Mostly they laugh, and I do not mind, they take it as a sport and it is fun. Many times her hands also creep to my ears. and she starts also making love to me through my ears ... I very much would love to see a photo illustrating one female playing with her own

Up till now I have never fucked a female ear, although sometimes I do poke my dick in her ear. (I have a small gentleman.) I am wondering how many of your readers find female

"Up until now I have never fucked a female ear."

much on what might be confess I occasionally use the termed 'perverted' sex by term myself, I think that the some.

This is the first such letter I have written to a magazine; I feel I might represent the person who buys magazines but rarely voices his opinion on the content. — G.H., London.

I'm always pleased to receive informed criticism; your letter deserves to be answered in some detail, so let's take your points one by

Yes, Penpower is now somewhat shorter in length than it has been in the past. the reasons for this are a) if you readers don't write in shoals of scintillating letters each month, I'm far too idle to spend my time faking let-ters just to fill up the pages; and b) far from shortening It Happened To Me, I've in fact expanded it to four or five pages each month. this means that a numer of readers' first-person reminiscences which used to be published in Penpower have now found a new home in It Happened.

term myself, I think that the phrase 'men's magazine' is somewhat misleading, because a large minority of Knave's readers are women. My feeling is that Knave should discuss the more exotic byways of sex. This is why I publish articles on foot fetishism, erotic piercing, voyeurism, and the like. I'm not suggesting that every-body should immediately rush out and practice what they read — but it does seem to make sense to point out the possibilities. And such topics are certainly a darn sight more interesting than traction engines ...

Ear Erotics

Your magazine is exciting and really wonderful. I like specially your letters section.

I want to tell you what really turns me on/blows me totally. I am blown off by exciting, shapely, female ears. This erogenous zone has never got any attention at all in any one of the magazines. I am wondering why; I



"I reckon that Christian Aid lot are pushing them anabolic steroids ...'



like me. It is something no sex manual speaks about, or porno picture illustrates. Even whilst they show fellatio, I have never seen a guy catching a chick by her pretty ears and guiding her head

Ears never come in the same shape, or size, even both the ears on the person's head are different. It is acknowledged by sex experts, that ears are the most important part on the female body for sexual arousal; but still they do not get covered at all in any sex magazines. I wish that you will kindly publish my letter and do give some hot female ear action photographs. (I also want to add, that female ears were considered during the Eighteenth Century as sexual, and females were asked to cover them).

Why not have a poll from your readers, asking them to let you know how many of them consider female ears sexy? — R.G., Bombay, India.

Phew! Just when I feel I'm covering all you Knave readers' favourite erotic topics, someone like you pops up with an interest I've never mentioned.

I'm not quite sure what a "hot female ear action photograph" looks like presumably lots of licking and touching in the style you mention earlier in your letter. If I'm inundated with requests for suchlike pix I'll certainly consider it - so long as all you friends, Romans and countrymen lend me your ... (Sorry.) -

The Older The Better

One often hears about the 'Dirty Mac Brigade' and 'Dirty Old Men' — do you know what it is like to live with one? Bloody marvel-

George is in his middle fifties and could easily be my father. I mean this literally. He was Mum's Insurance Man for years. She used to

ears interesting and are | have him in for a cup of tea, enjoying this fetish of ears | and a bit more than that. I can dimly remember his visits, but he assured me he was always careful and used a French letter. Mum wasn't the only one he was screwing either. No wonder he never managed to get around to marrying.

I suppose I take after Mum

in a way. I first had sex when I was 18, but I never really enjoyed getting fucked. I pre-ferred finger play. I could come easily that way. I soon learned to indulge in 'self-abuse.' What a description! Abuse means misuse. How can you misuse your clitoris? It is there to be stimulated, so why not do that yourself if there is no-one else available to do it for you?

I slipped up and got preg-nant. Mum was furious and Dad was worse. No wonder the bloke who did it to me hopped it! After I had the baby life at home was unbearable. If only Dad knew the tricks Mum used to get up to!

time job as a waitress and a friend used to look after the baby. That is how I ran into George again. He had not changed much over the years and we used to chat in the little restaurant when

Anyway, I left home and | did not take much to make got a room. I also got a part- | me come. Down came my knickers and tights and in went his fingers. Soon after that it was his prick that was in me. That started it.

I never realized until then what I had been missing. Despite her own sexual things were not too busy. strayings, Mum had always

"Fooling around with my tits gets me worked up."

Insurance lark now and could well afford to keep

It took but a couple of days to realize he wanted me not only as a housekeeper, but as a bed-warmer too. I resisted his advances, as they say in the Victorian novels, until one evening he got me a bit tipsy. Fooling around with my tits gets me worked up and once George had his hand up my skirt it

He was quite well up in the I brought me up in a 'Chapel' atmosphere. So I was led to believe that anything but face to face sex was wrong. Oral sex downright outrageous.

Another 'filthy' thing George got me to do was to masturbate myself while he watched. What started it was that he wondered how I had not got married, as I obviously liked being fucked, and being fingered off by him. He suggested that I played with myself and he made me blush. Then he told me had watced several girls do it and one of them really enjoyed doing it. She would rub herself off knowing that it would get him worked up - to fuck her! So I admitted my indulgence and he was surprised that I was 18 before I started doing

I was rather shy of showing him how I did it, but once I got started and saw how excited it made him I really went to town. He began wanking his cock, and as we had already fucked I was surprised he got it hard enough to get it in me after I had made myself come. It must have taken him twenty minutes of solid fucking before he came off again!

Oral sex. Well, that just

happened one time when George was making love to me. I told him I was not clean down there when he started kissing my pussy lips. I was soaking wet but he

continued on page 40



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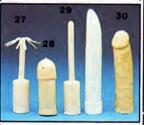
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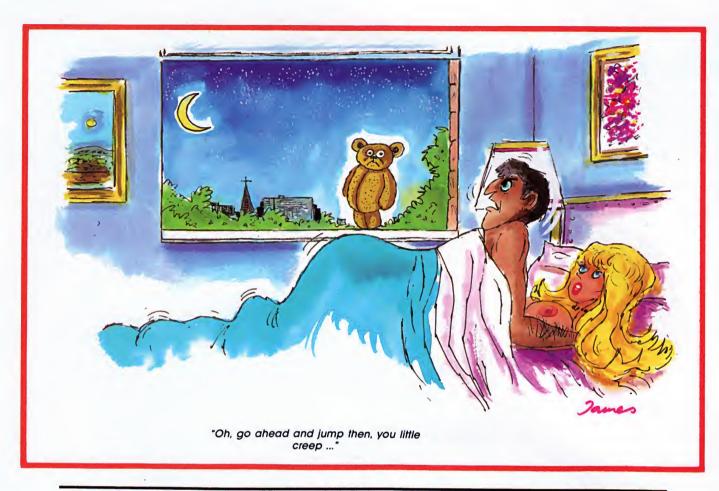
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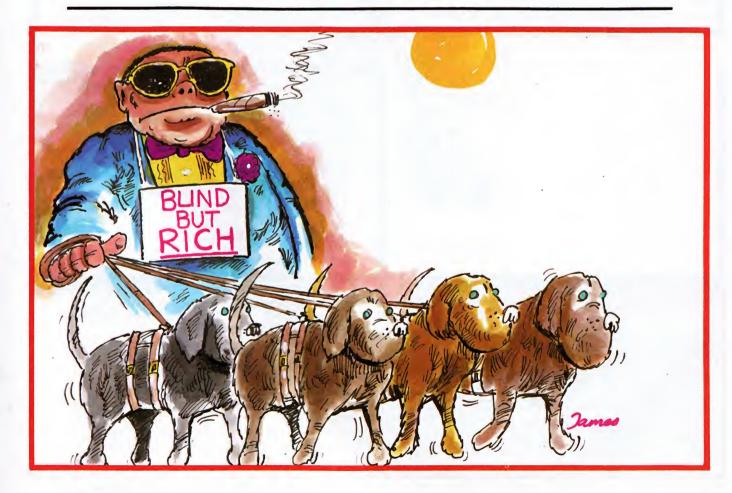
LAUGH WITH







James







A DOCTOR who was trying to find out the cause of his patient's state of exhaustion finally decided to question him about his sex life.

'How many times a week do you have intercourse?' he asked.

'Every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday,' the man answered.

'I think you'd better cut out Thursdays,' said the doctor.

'Aw shit, I can't' said the man. 'Why, that's the only night I'm home with my wife!'

. . .

"HAVING A SPOT of trouble?" asked the male motorist as he pulled alongside a woman sitting dejectedly in her car in a lay-by.

Yes, I think my battery's flat," she replied. "I guess what I need is a jump."

'You're in luck — I've got the equipment,' said the good Samaritan, leering at the woman's shapely body. 'But how about having a bash at starting your car first?'

A NEWLY-OPENED mortuary in Birmingham decided to advertise in a starling, eyecatching manner. So they had a big sign painted in front of their building that read: "OUR STAFF WILL STUFF YOUR STIFF."

Not to be outdone, the brothel directly across the street responded with a large sign that read: 'OUR STUFF WILL STIFF YOUR STAFF!' That joke you heard in the pub last night could get you a crisp blue fiver. Send your funnies to: Knave Plays Joker, P.O. Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.

"SAY, ERNIE," said a guy to his friend in a pub. "Does your wife like to make love dogaie-style?"

Ernie thought hard about this for a while, and eventually said: "Well, Smithers, it's like this. She makes love trick-doggie-style."

'What the hell do you mean?'

"I mean as soon as I slip my weapon into her, she rolls over and plays dead."

• • •

GUY WALKING down the street sees two girls coming towards him and gets the fright of his life to see his wife and his mistress. He ducks around a corner and bumps into his pal and tells him what he has just seen. His pal walks round the corner and he too jumps back.

'Small world, isn't it,' says his pal.

DID YOU hear about the pygmy who spent a night in a brothel and caught small pox?

• • •

LUNATIC AT a bus stop takes out his glass eye and bounces it off the pavement a few times, and a bloke in the queue asks him what he's doing. 'Oh, I'm just seeing if there are any seats upstairs,' says the lungtic.

. .

BLOKE GETS a job at the local zoo and, due to shortage of monkeys, has to wear a monkey's outfit and get in the cage and imitate a monkey. He starts off by swinging on a branch of a tree, then gets quite adventurous and jumps from branch to branch.

Eventually, a large crowd are gathered round the cage and the bloke starts to show off by swinging round and round the branch, but unfortunately he lets go and leaps over the top of the cage into the lion's cage.

Panic stricken, he starts to scream and is just starting to clamber up the cage when he hears the lion say, 'Shut your fucking mouth, or we'll all get sacked!'

• • •

WHAT IS the difference between frustration and utter frustration?

Frustration is the first time you realize that you cannot do it the second time; utter frustration is the second time you realize that you cannot do it the first time!

• • •

HARRY, AN inmate in a mental hospital, is being interviewed by a counsellor to assess his suitability for release into the outside world.

'Now, Harry, what's the first thing you're going to do when you get out?'

'Easy, I'm going to buy a catapult and break all the windows in town.'

'Now, now, Harry, remember that you've got to do better than that outside. Let's be serious now, what are you really going to do?'

"I'm going to get a catapult and kill pigeons!"

'No, no, Harry!' You must appear to be normal, otherwise you'll end up back in here. Now, think carefully, what are you going to do?'

"I'll get a woman!" The counsellor looks relieved. "I'll take her out to dinner, I'll take her home, and I'll take her knickers off ..."

'Yes, then what?'

"I'll take the elastic out and make a catapult!"



AN OLD LADY on a shopping trip to London strays inadvertently into Soho, where the police are in the process of turning over a house of ill repute. Some of the girls of the house were being lined up awaiting the arrival of the police van, and the old lady short-sightedly assumes that they are queueing up outside the shop.

"What are you waiting for my degr?" she asked the hop-

"What are you waiting for, my dear?" she asked the hooker at the end of the line.

"Bloody oranges, what do you think?" came the curt reply. Getting even more confused, the lady thinks that they must be very cheap to attract such a queue, so she decides to wait

The police van arrives and the girls are all herded aboard. When he gets to the old lady, the officer commented, "A bit old for this sort of thing, aren't you?"

"Well, I might have no teeth but I can still suck them!

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Have you had enough of girls like Alison, Titania and Fiona?







No? We thought not. Back issues featuring these three beauties are amongst the many still available:

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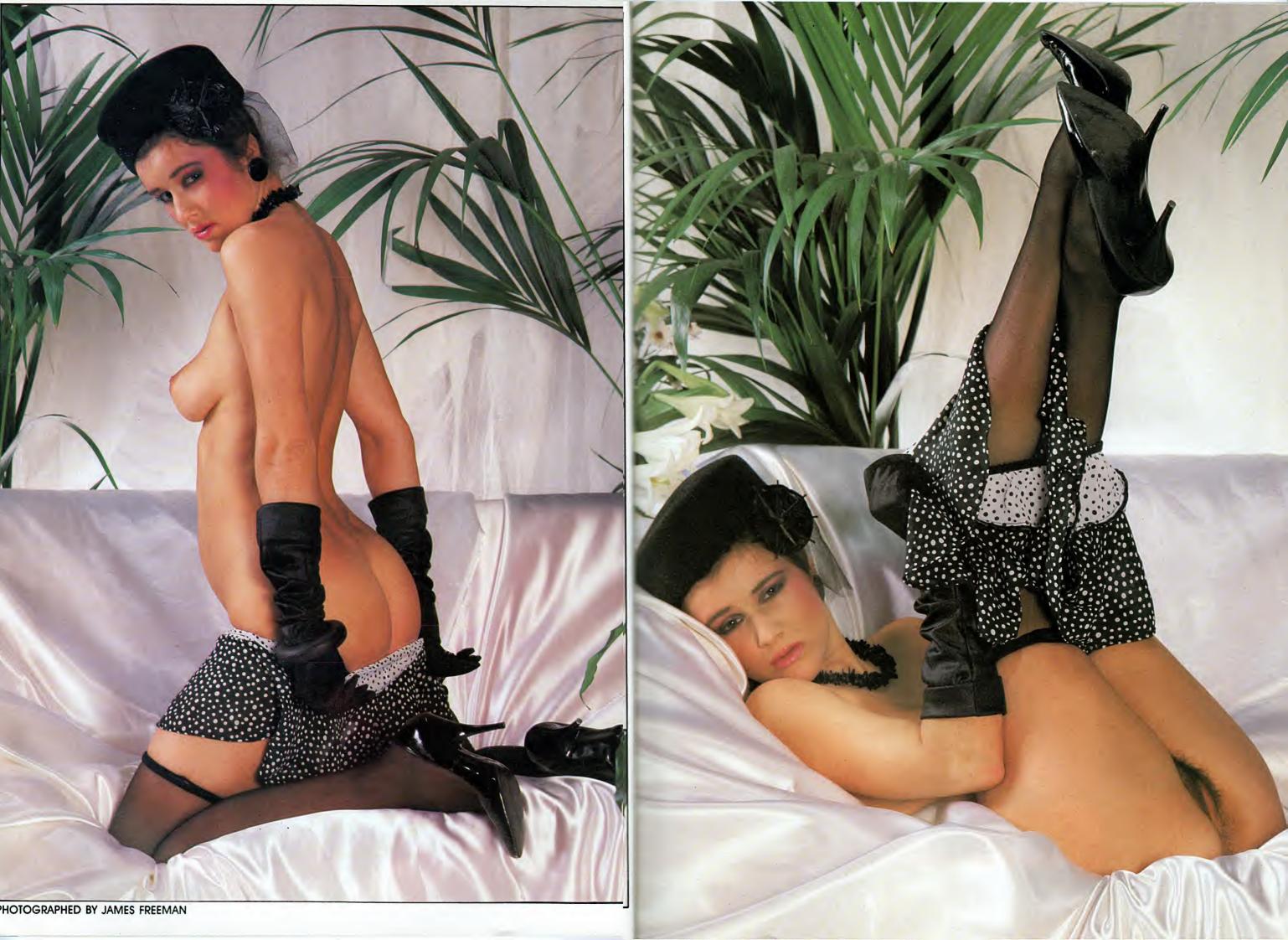
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kept on kissing me, licking me. Then he concentrated on my clitoris. It was so nice I just had to move my hips like he was fucking me. I was actually working myself off on his tongue. At first it was iust him with his mouth and lips at my cunt, but one night I found his cock almost at my lips. I took hold of it and began to lick the knob, then I put it in my mouth. I liked the taste and found myself trying to make him come. He never did. I don't know why. I always ended up with it right up my pussy.

Once George asked me if I

would like to see some sexy films. I thought he meant one of those West End cinemas. He took me to one of those private clubs. I felt out of place as I was the only girl there, but as we were right at the back I soon forgot about that as I watched the screen. Soon my knickers were soaking, and then George put his arm around me and began to play with my tits. My thighs were aching after a while from squeezing them together. I was almost coming, just watching the cock and cunt sucking. The fucking in all sorts of positions I had never imagined possible.

Afterwards I could hardly wait to get back home, wanted us to fuck. George wanted us to have a meal and I wanted to go home. He led me into a small restaurant, and after we had ordered he suggested I go to the Ladies and masturbate. I did just that. He was as pleased as punch when I came back. He said I looked like the cat that had eaten the cream. I was guite content for us to stay out as long as George could wait to get me onto our bed. He took me straight home and fucked me from the back, me kneeling on the bed with dress up and knickers and tights halfway down my thighs.

George has taken me to the 'pictures' several times

since and I have learned | across the kitchen table. We quite a lot from them. It really excites me to watch a girl masturbating, and the different ways girls do it! Some girls actually mastur-

both stripped and I was flaunting myself and masturbating, giving George a real throbber of a horn. I climbed up on the table and spread my legs for him. He got his bated while they were being my legs for him. He got his fucked! Is this self abuse too, knob in: "I can't wait to

"I gasped as he slid in, and I tried to close my legs. He began to fuck me slowly and very deliciously, then harder and faster."

or just getting the extra in | come," I gasped as he slid in, the way of orgasms?

In one short film a girl was rubbing her pussy through her panties as she watched a couple fucking. She was sitting on a chair. She began to take her panties down, still rubbing. Suddenly she rubbed harder and made herself come.

Naturally I had to try out these ways of wanking. I had a marvellous come and George put me up against the bedroom wall and stuffed his prick up me after-

We always have a lie-in at the weekends and invariably George develops a great big hard-on, which leads to a morning fuck.

One morning, when we

and I tried to close my legs. He began to fuck me slowly and very deliciously I reached down and played with myself as he began to fuck me harder and faster. It was soothing to have his prick massaging the back of my cunt, and I was very quickly on the verge of coming. George could tell and went for the finish. I started to come and in the midst of my orgasm I realized I was screaming like a siren, and George was shooting off.

Yes, I love living with a member of the dirty mac brigade. Going with him to the pictures has taught me so much. I had never even thought of having a prick between my tits and watchwere both up getting the ing it spunk off, my own tea, we decided to fuck twat soaking wet. The things

"Terence, can we get on with it? I'm bored with

foreplay now."

you can learn just watching! — Carol, Wakefield.

Lucky Stroke

As a regular reader of both Knave and Fiesta, I thought you might be interested in an experience I had recently. I work in a deparment store in the town centre which sells, among other things, a well-known brand of ladies' and gents' swimwear.

I was going around tidying up after a very hectic Saturday at the beginning of a new week, when in walked this bird. She was not brilliantly good-looking, but I've seen a lot worse. It wasn't her face that caught my eye, it was her really fantastic figure.

Anyway, she asked me if she could look at some of our costumes and perhaps try a few on. I said certainly. and moved from my position on top of some steps above the changing com-partment to help her. She selected a couple of costumes she thought she liked, and went in to try them on.

Now, our little changing

room has just a curtain over the entrance, and it is fairly easy to see what is happening inside. But I had an even better viewpoint as I got back onto the steps and pretended to go about my

From my vantage point I could see into the changing room, which had a fulllength mirror inside. It was soon very obvious she was taking everything off, and boy! What a figure — she was filling all of the 38-inch costume she was trying on, with a bit to spare.

After a while she emerged from the changing room and handed me the costume she had chosen — a royal blue suit with a white sash across the body. I happened to mention that I thought it looked very good, to which she gave a slight smile.
I sadly said goodbye and

thought that to be the end of it — but not so. That evening, just before we



closed, a woman rang to a sudden explosion, with complain about a costume she had bought earlier. I did not answer the phone but the 'boss' said we would replace it straight away if she could get back to us.

This, she said, was impossible, as she lived out of town and she promptly gave us her address. On hearing the address - the boss repeats everything out loud

— I volunteered to deliver
the suit on my way home, as
it was only up the road from
where I lived. I was given the costume — yes, you've guessed it, royal blue with white sash — but it did not hit me that it could be for

the same lady I'd served.
On reaching the address, I rang the doorbell, and when I saw who answered it I nearly fainted — it was her! She greeted me as though we had been lifelong friends, and asked me in. We exchanged costumes, and I moved towards the door thinking that was it, but she asked me to wait so that she could see if this one was okay. She then proceeded to undress right in front of me, saying that she knew I had been watching in the shop and that had turned her on.

Although I had seen it all before, the sight of her figure still made me catch my breath. She decided that the new costume was fine, and stepped out of it. But she made no move towards putting her clothes back on. Instead, she said that she wanted to thank me for bringing the new costume round, and promptly pulled down my trousers.
As I don't usually wear

underpants, my fully-erect cock was totally exposed. She then took me between her soft lips and proceeded to suck me off. She was certainly an expert, and she stopped before I shot my load, leading me into the bedroom, where I got rid of my shirt and socks and jumped into bed with her.

For the next hour, fucked her in every position me before and when her possible before she came in hand reached the bulge in

numerous groans of pleasure. I took the next hour to recover before we took a shower together and got dressed.

She has been in the shop several times since, trying on more costumes but never

my trousers I thought my I dressed in just bra and panlegs had left me completely. I was totally transfixed by her actions, and when she undid my zip, brought out my

throbbing prick and started wanking it I was ecstatic, and very nervously cupped and fondled her beautiful tits buying, just teasing me, and I through her blouse. After

her hand, she wiped me

clean with a tissue and told

me to give her half an hour, then meet her in her quar-

Although I knew that her

husband was away, I was very nervous when I arrived

there. I was greeted with the beautiful sight of her stand-

Gloria closed the door behind me and, sensing it was my first time, assured me that everything would be fine. After undressing me she slipped out of her underwear and pulled me down onto the bed. Naked together, we kissed passionately, our tongues fighting for supremacy with deep longing kisses. Her hands went down to my rigid tool and stroked my balls, before bringing her head down to lick my throbbing knob, sending feelings through me that I never believed possi-

My tentative efforts to go down on her were prevented and when she sat astride me and guided my prick into her delicious cunt,

came immediately. My efforts to apologize were cut short, and Gloria assured me that it was normal for the

ing there behind the door | continued on page 55

have visited her on more I she had made me come in

"It was soon very obvious she was

filling all of the 38-inch costume she

was trying on."

Memory Lane

than one occasion for my

weekly oats. - Name and

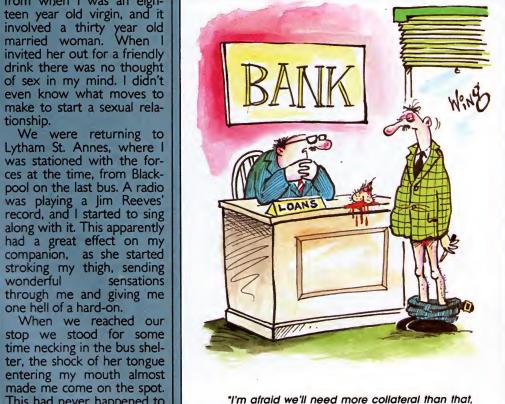
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Having bought Knave for the first time and seen you readers' letters, I thought you might be interested to hear of two memories that will always stay in my mind.
The first memory dates

from when I was an eighteen year old virgin, and it involved a thirty year old married woman. When I invited her out for a friendly drink there was no thought of sex in my mind. I didn't even know what moves to make to start a sexual rela-

tionship. We were returning to Lytham St. Annes, where I was stationed with the forces at the time, from Blackpool on the last bus. A radio was playing a Jim Reeves' record, and I started to sing along with it. This apparently had a great effect on my companion, as she started stroking my thigh, sending wonderful sensations

When we reached our stop we stood for some time necking in the bus shelter, the shock of her tongue entering my mouth almost made me come on the spot. This had never happened to



Mr. Widdle ..."

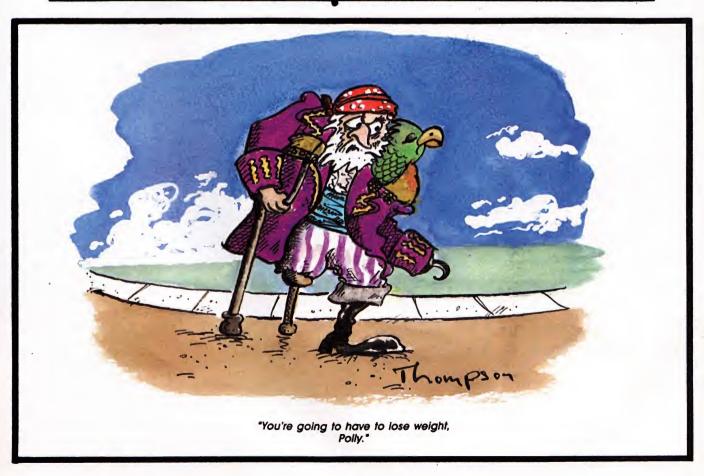


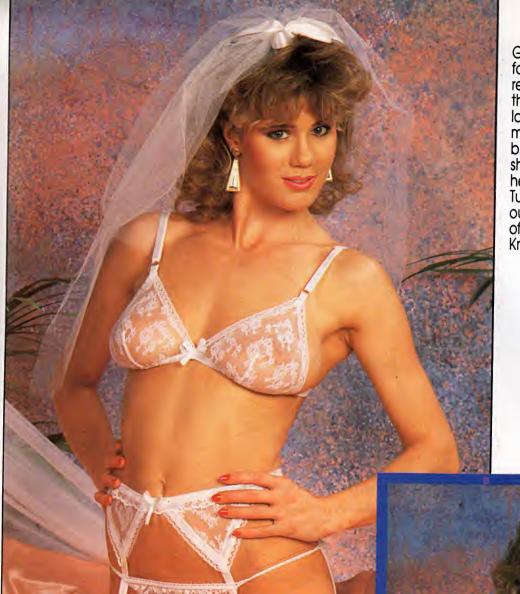
LAUGH WITH





Thompson





Gorgeous Gemma is an old favourite at Knave — remember her doing naughty things to a great big cannon last summer? Here she models some saucy styles in black and while lingerie that should arouse the coldest of hearts — and other parts ... Turn to pages 84-93 to find out how to buy these items of lingerie direct from Knave ...







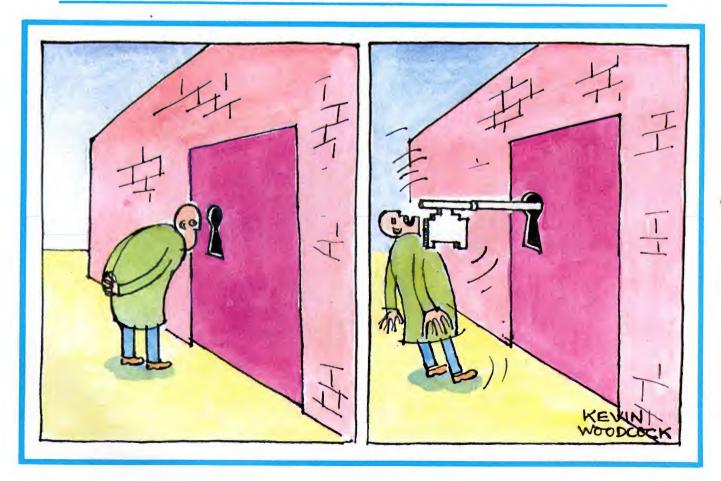




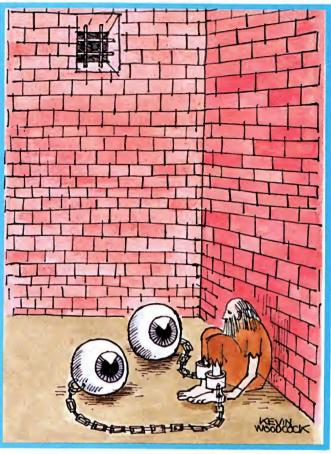




LAUGH WITH







WOODCICK





first time.

That evening I was taught so much about sex by this wonderful woman. Everything except my going down on her, she didn't seem to like that. I shall always be grateful to Gloria for her patience and understanding, and for the way I was taught to give and receive sexual pleasure with every confid-

My other supremely plea-surable memories come from an affair I had last year with a former colleague.

We started getting very friendly because I used to listen to her problems, and she to mine, as I was having no sex life with my wife, who went off sex after our third child was born. Sarah and I often went for drives in the car to get more privacy, and as she was an unmarried mother, she often needed a comforting shoulder to cry on.

After one of her crying sessions, I took her in my arms and kissed her slowly but passionately. Her response was fantastic, as our tongues met she became frantic for me to take her. It had been three

years since anyone had given her a good shagging and she begged me to do it.

I slowly undid Sarah's blouse and removed her bra. My fingers caressed and excited her fabulous smooth, round breasts, her nipples were all red and standing out like rose buds. I nibbled her ears, which she loved. then lowered my mouth to suck her waiting nipple.

After a few minutes of

this my head replaced my fingers at her soaking wet cunt, and my tongue entered her vaginal lips, I licked up her love juices and made her squirm with plea-sure. I had never done this before, my wife had only allowed me sex in the missionary position. The taste of her juices was like a dream come true.

After her fingers had

released my rampant hard- I on, Sarah took my full length into her mouth and in seconds I was filling it with my spunk. She admitted that she had never experienced oral sex before, but she had enjoyed every minute. Soon she had made me hard again, and as I entered her soaking cunt her legs went around me to hold me in and keep me at her mercy. Her orgasm was both long and violent, and it was just about the best fuck that I have ever experienced!

At the moment the mem-

ories are just about all I have, as it is difficult to get out and about with three young children to look after, but the memories of those two wonderful women really are something to savour. — R.W., Cambridge.

The Company Rep.

About two years ago I came across a Knave magazine and have kept it ever since, as I always find the It Happened

for reading while he is out on business or going round the factory. Sometimes I get home feeling very randy, and Peter gets flustered morning and it would save me cooking for myself. I did not expect anything more than a quiet meal ... In the evening, after one and Peter gets flustered In the evening, after one when I pounce on him, small drink we had a meal

"My fingers caressed and excited her fabulous breasts."

bringing him to erection and | and a bottle of wine, which greedily sliding aboard.

But at forty two years of age I had never had another man until two weeks ago, when I allowed a stranger of thirty to slip a length up me. It happened very simply. A rep called Phil was in the office with Peter late one afternoon, and as he was booked in at a local hotel for the night invited my hus-band and I to join him there for dinner. Another engage-ment meant that Peter could not make it, but he was happy to suggest that I went alone with Phil. I did not To Me section good reading. I work at my husband's office and get plenty of time alone with Phil. I did not argue, as Peter was not due home until about two in the wonderful passionate kiss,

really got me glowing, then we sat in the lounge with our liquers, thighs rubbing together, to my pleasant sur-

Phil then leaned over and kissed me lightly on the lips, sending a wonderful tingling sensation through my body, before kissing me again — longer and harder. He then suggested in a low voice that we go to his room and I agreed readily, thinking that we would have a more private kiss and cuddle. Once in his room he held me close





with out tongues darting in and out of each others' mouths. We then sat on the bed, still kissing, and his hand found my left breast. I knew by then — I wanted him — and my nipples hard-ened as he mashed my breasts, and as we lay back across the bed his hand slid up my leg, touching the wetness in my thighs. I could not and would not resist, I was breathless and weak and raised my bottom as l assisted him to pull down

my panties.

Once they were off and I saw his equipment I wanted him more than anything. I wanted him to make me feel wicked. With my panties gone I opened my legs as wide as I could, and saw him staring between my thighs as he took down his trousers and pants. Then he was down on me and I gave a cry of delight as his wonderful throbbing shaft penetrated deep inside me to its fullest length. Many wildly exciting thrusts later he exploded me, promptly by my own thrills. We did it twice more that night - and he's back in the area next week! - Jean, Watford.

Middle-aged Mating

Yes, let's have more photos of attractive mature models. The older woman has never been more popular, and I can give true proof of this fact.

fact.

I did profitable business with a young Arab last year. To show his appreciation, he invited my wife and I to a party at his flat in London. Later he tried to postpone our visit; he explained he'd got his dates mixed. The guests would be half our age, he said, and from past age, he said, and from past experience he expected an 'anything goes' evening with an eventual orgy.

On hearing that, my wife and I insisted on being there
— our very first wild party!
We agreed if we were out of place for our age, if our presence put a damper on the fun, or if we found it all too | three fondling and smoothshocking, we would leave as early as possible with no

hard feelings.

My wife and I are both in our early 50s, but we did not feel out of place at the party. Rather we were made very welcome, though the guests ranged from a boy of 18 to

ing away until one positioned himself between her legs and gave her a fucking that had her rolling about beneath him. When he came off, the next one took his place. Still later, I saw her sitting on the carpet in front of a settee, where four men and women in their naked young men joined 20s. The drink flowed freely, her. One by one they got

was directed to a bedroom

by a young lad. Looking in, she was on her back on the

bed getting really balled, with several other young

home, complaining that no one was getting a look-in

men waiting their turn. By this time some of the young women had gone granny nympho'. I admit my wife was going at it like a sex-starved whore, but who wouldn't have, with all the flattery and fuss being made of her by the young guests? I couldn't get near her myself, she was in such demand. Anyway, I didn't want to spoil her big night — after all, I was available for her every night.

She remained in the bed-room several hours and every male guest visited her. By this time my wife was in such a state of arousal she didn't care who was licking her out. I watched her come and come, shaking like a leaf with each convulsion.

Of course, I don't fool myself that the big attraction is my lovely randy mature wife. Quite a few of the young men try to date her privately, and she has been out with a few, all of them kids compared to us. But what is the harm in it? I enjoy hearing about it all — every detail — and she enjoys being popular with home, complaining that no one was getting a look-in with everybody wanting to try out the glamorous enjoys being popular with young men. — Mr and Mrs Young at Heart (name and address supplied).

"Add to that a mass of straw-like cunt hair and from her belly-button to deep between her crotch."

and soon quite a few of the | lovingly sucked off by her. I guests undressed and missed her again later, and danced, kissing and fondling as they stepped out of their clothes. Two young men chatted my wife up. I watched them across the room, obviously trying to persuade her to strip off by tugging playfully at her blouse and long skirt. Both were kissing her passionately on the open mouth, and she was responding with enjoyment. Others gathered around, and piece by piece she removed all her clothing to a very appreciative crowd; even the young girls present seemed aroused. I was delighted to see

how she got absolutely naked with the others encouraging her, for her full mature body made some of the young nude girls look skinny and underfed. With good looks and buxom curvy body, it was no wonder the youngsters gathered around. She has lovely full tits, a bit of droop on them from their weightiness, and a rounded bum like two huge peaches. Add to that a mass of straw-like cunt hair from her belly-button to deep between her crotch, and you can see why she caused a bit of a sensation.

Talk about being in demand!
Later that night I saw her
on the rug with three young blokes kissing her mouth, her nipples and her cunt, all



"I'm being replaced by a tampon machine."



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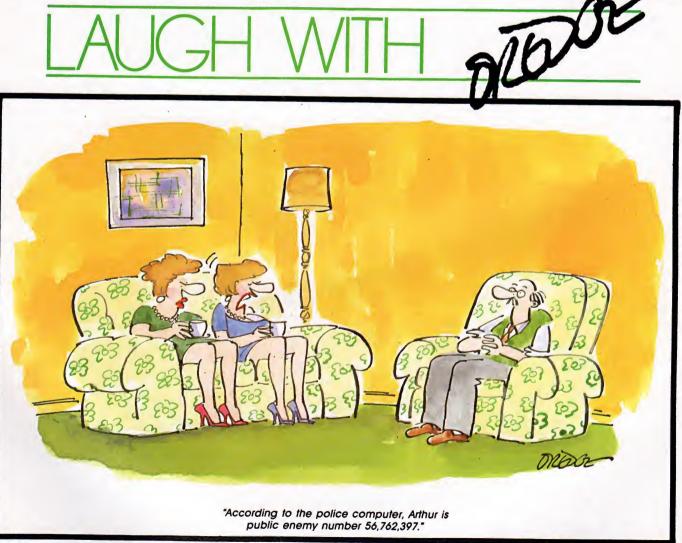




PHOTOGRAPHED BY NICK GURGUL







lot and is out to impress

"GUESS WHAT?" boasted the man to the bartender. 'I've been informally named advisor on all sexual matters at the company where I work."

"Congratulations," said the bartender. 'that sounds very interesting. Does it mean you'll be counselling the big bosses on relations with their secretaries?"

"Well, I'm not really sure," answered the drinker. 'You see, druring a staff meeting, I popped up to suggest a reduction in exective expense accounts. After that, I was told if they ever wanted my fucking advice, they'd let me know.

A GIRL walked into a chemist's shop and asked for a packet of tampons and a pair of sunglasses. She was expecting sunny periods ...

. . .

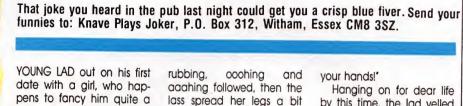
A MAN CAME out of the lavatory in the pub with a sad look and shaking his head.

'What's the matter, Gus?' asked the landlord.

Well, while I was having a slash back there, noticed among the scribblings on the wall one that ready 'LOLA PERKINS GIVES THE BEST BLOW JOBS IN TOWN FOR ONLY FIVE-PENCE!

Well, don't worry about it," said the landlord. "We get shitheads in here, just like anywhere else."

'I know,' muttered Gus. One of them had scratched out the phone number."



They go for a meal, on to a pub, and then to a local disco. On the way home they just happen to go past some fields. It is a lovely, warm summer night. with the scent of newmown hav in the air, so it is no surprise when they end up in each other's arms in the nearest convenient

After watching the stars and some kissing and fondling, the boy slips his hand under the girl's short dress, up her thighs, to be met by a furry, pantie-less pussy. 'Well,' she giggled, 'I wanted to be ready for you! Go on, pop a finger in and give me a rub."

The lad promptly slipped his finger inside what turned out to be a very moist, warm and welcomina fanny, and started to stroke the inside of it.

After a few minutes of this attention, she urged him to slip two fingers inside, which the fellow did with no problem. More

rubbing, ooohing and agahing followed, then the lass spread her legs a bit wider and whimpered, Darling! It's so beautiful. Please, try and get all your hand inside me. Please!"

The boy's senses were reeling, but he nevertheless managed to get all of one hand inside her and continued with his administrations. These went on for some time and the airl was getting wilder and wilder, thrashing about on the grass. Then, suddenly, she went quite still and muttered, 'Both hands! For goodness' sake, put both your hands in. Now! Quickly!"

In a state of mesmerized shock, the lad proceeded to insert first the fingers and finally the thumb of his second hand. As the thumb went home, it was as if someone had turned on a switch inside the girl, for she started to throw herself about in a frenzy, panting and wimpering in wanton abandon. Working herself up more and more, she finally screamed, 'Now! Now! I'm coming! For God's sake, clap your hands! Clap

vour hands!"

Hanging on for dear life by this time, the lad velled back. 'I can't it's bloody well impossible!"

'Yes!' she screamed, '1 know! I'm tight, aren't !!"

. . .

A LITTLE airl is watching her Father in the bath, and spots his balls through the foam

'Daddy, what are those things?' she enquires, pointing with her finger.

'Oh! Those are my apples,' came the reply. The little girl immediately dashes off to her Mother and repeats what she has just been told.

'Is that so?' snorts her Mother. 'But I bet he didn't tell you about the dead limb that they're atached

. . .

THE TWO SWEET old ladies haven't seen each other for years and were exchanging confidences. Tell me, Emma,' said one of them with a wicked gleam in her eye. 'Is your Lionel a consistent performer in bed these days?"

'Yes, he certainly is." replied Emma. Weak in and weak out!"

'GEE, I SURE had bad vibes last night," the girl confided to her sister.

'What's up - boyfriend worries?"

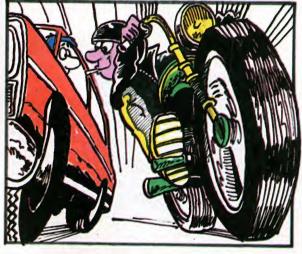
'No, my intimate erotic massager short-circuited.*

. . .

CHAP GOES into a fruit shop and asks for a pound of tomatoes. 'That wil be 75 pence please, sir."

'75 pence, you know where you can stick them!" says the bloke.

"I'm sorry, I can't," says the fruiterer, 'I've already got a 90 pence cucumber up there."



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Have you had any real sexual adventures? Unusual, spectacular or just plain meaningful? We can't wait to read all about it. It Happened To Me, Knave, PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ, Write soon!

She went for a country holiday, and learned more than she expected

My first memorable sex experience took place when I was 18. For a holiday and change of air, my mother and father sent me to a farm owned by a couple who were old friends of theirs. I hadn't seen either of them since I was a baby. I travelled by train and was met at the station by the husband Tom, who was a big man of about 35. I was wearing a short summer dress and when I got into the car next to him the skirt rose up my legs. I'm sure all the way home he kept stealing glances at my thighs. It wasn't long before I began to feel excited.

We arrived at the farm and as the car stopped the front door of the house opened and out walked his wife Kate, a lovely well-built woman. She had auburn hair, a revealed a huge pair of breasts, and a black skirt, black stockings and boots. She came to greet me, giving me a big hug and saying that she had been longing to see me again woman.

We had tea together and then I asked if I could have a bath after I had unpacked. I lay and relaxed in the bath thinking what a lovely holiday | relaxed and sexy. Just I was going to have when I then the door opened and

the door opened and in came Kate with a towel.

I stood in the bath and, as she wrapped the towel around me, she remarked that I had a lovely young body. She told me that Tom painted a lot and she was sure that he would want to paint me. He liked painting nude, a gentle nudge. I stood

Tom came in. He said we looked as though we were enjoying ourselves and Kate replied that was interested and that I would let him paint me, to show off my body to best effect.

He asked if he could see me and Kate gave me

and let it slip from my

shoulders on the floor.

The glow from the fire

"She seemed very pleased that I was prepared to do it and said she would tell Tom as soon as he came in from working on the farm. I put on a pair of knickers and my housecoat and went down to the lounge ..."

she said, he had often | up, untied my house-coat painted Kate and they would show me the pictures. I told her that I would be delighted to pose nude for him.

She seemed pleased that I was prepared to do it and said she would tell Tom as soon as he came in from working on the farm. I put tight-fitting sweater which | on a pair of knickers and my housecoat and went down to the lounge, where there was a roaring log fire. Kate asked if I wanted a drink, I asked for a coke but she said as I was on holiday I could now that I had become a have something special and poured me a brandy.

We sat talking and drinking, Kate kept on remarking how beautiful my body was. The brandy was making me feel

bum and back to my front, over my knickers and onto my thighs. He said he loved girl's bodies and asked Kate to show me hers and demonstrate

some poses.

knickers.

Kate began to undress. She removed her sweater first to expose her huge breasts, then she let her skirt fall to the floor. She stood in her boots, black stockings and suspender belt, nothing else. Tom asked me what I thought of her body, I said it was beautiful and I hoped mine would be like that played on my body and one day.

reflected off my white

Tom walked over to me

and stretched out his big

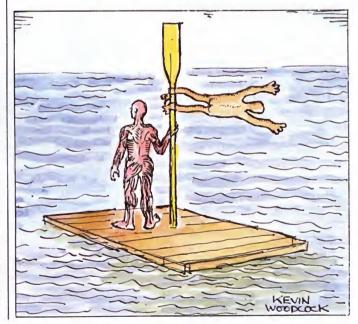
hands, running them over

my body, giving my tits a

squeeze and rolling my

nipples. His hands passed

over my waist, around my



just stood there staring.

Tom poured me
another drink and then said it was my turn to pose. I had drunk a lot of brandy and so had no inhibitions. I lay on the carpet and copied what Kate had done, when I eventually began to remove my knickers he was beside me instantly and helped me to take them off.

Tom had begun to strip off. He removed a pair of tight yellow briefs almost like ladies' panties. They were nearly transparent and I could see the shape of his penis, I had seen and handled boys' cocks before but this one looked enormous.

He stood by my shoulders and reached down. took one of my hands and guided it up to his prick. My hand slid over the nylon-covered mound and I felt it move and throb. I soon found my way inside his pants and reached inside for his throbbing cock, he wasted no time in removing them. His cock was in full view, it was even bigger than I had expected. The knob was very large and jutted out from his body, I could see love juice seeping out

from the top.

My hand clasped it and I began wanking him, while Kate was kissing Tom on the mouth with great enthusiasm. Vigorously Tom caught hold of my legs and held them back, he then came down on his haunches and soon his cock was fondling my face, all over my ears and neck and then pressing against my lips. My mouth was ready to open and open it had to for his cock was pressing really hard. Soon I was licking up and down his shaft, sucking first one ball and then the other.

While all this was going on Kate was making sure

He asked her to get | that she wasn't being left out in the cold. She was bending down in front of Tom and he was manipu-

Tom to spunk up her without delay and he was really giving it all he had. the whole scene was very sexy. Then Tom started to come, but, quite unexpeclating his tongue right up | tedly at this point, he

"Torrents of spunk splattered all over me. I shut my eyes and as I slowly opened them I was looking through an opaque veil. I could make out Kate furiously rubbing herself and she too climaxed right above me."

inside her cunt. Eventu- | withdrew his huge drippally he rose from me and ing shaft from Kate, directed his cock, now swollen beyond belief, towards her. He started to press it hard against her, her stomach moved in and out in fast jerks as she became more and more aroused. Soon she was pushing back and the penis began to slide up inside her. Tom clasped his hands on her upright arse and moved in and out of her.

Above my face I could now see the perfect view of his prick sliding in and out. I raised my head a little and began to lick Tom's prick as he fucked Kate. As I lay beneath them I put my hand down and started to relieve my own tension in the clitoral

gripped it in one of his hands and directed the remainder of his load all over my face. Torrents of spunk splattered all over me. I shut my eyes and as I slowly opened them again I was looking through an opaque veil. I could make out Kate furiously rubbing herself and she too climaxed right above me.

Meanwhile, my own hand had been working very fast and I experienced a fabulous orgasm. (the first really enjoyable one I'd ever had). My legs and back felt as though they were on fire.

This was the beginning of a truly memorable holiday for me, and the start one.

Kate was yelling at life. — Mrs. G.D., Suffolk. The rude party song soon brought events to a climax or six ...

Thank you for publishing one of my letters in 'It Happened To Me'. It came as a pleasant surprise, and I hope you will be interested in the continuing story of my highly erotic relationship with Beth, or Petal as I call her, the extremely sexy lady who I first picked up at a hospital party and sucked and fucked very enjoy-ably on our first night!

I promised to continue the story of Petal and how someone else christened her 'Martini'. We continued the round of parties at the hospital and at a folk club Petal visited and to which she introduced me.

Betty, a friend of Petal's, was also a member of this club; her husband, Mac, played guitar and sang at the club with a couple of friends. One of his favourite songs mentioned touching var-ious parts of the body, he always insisted that Petal went on to the stage with him when he would take the opportunity to touch her where he mentioned in the song. As he took a great delight in doing this it was quite obvious that he fancied her something rotten.

Petal had now left



home and moved into a only this time when he flat; this was great news for me, I visited her quite regularly, never failing to crawl out in the wee small hours absolutely knackered.

She decided to have a flat warming party and duly invited Mac and Betty, together with a couple of nurses, who each brought along a doctor as escort. The nurses were red headed Jackie and blonde Mary, the doctors were an Egyptian I called Farouk, I couldn't be bothered wrapping my tongue around his correct name, and a Nigerian called Josh.

The evening progressed with plenty of liquor and food being consumed, smoothy records had contrived to put everyone in a sexy mood and the booze had loosened any inhibitions, con-sequently the odd grope was ignored. It was about this time that Mac decided to put on his party piece with Petal. He sang about her hair,

then touched it softly about her face and tenderly caressed her cheeks. His poetic licence came into play, this time he sang about her breasts and then played his fingers gently over her taught little buds through her silky blouse, as he did so I saw his eyes widen as his questing fingers told him she was not wearing

Quick as a flash he said, 'I don't think I'm doing this right, everyone should see what I'm singing about! With that he reached forward and started undoing the but-tons on Petal's blouse, looking at her intently in case she objected. As she made no objection he carried on until all the buttons were undone, then with a deft movement he slipped the blouse off her shoulders.

Hurriedly Petal crossed her arms over her bosom, she looked embarrassed, but I think it was because she had the smallest boobs in the room. After a bit of persuasion Petal dropped her arms whilst Mac repeated the verse,

touched her firm little tits he did so with both hands smoothing around them and over the nipples, which he flicked with his thumbs in passing.

I could see her sensitive nipples almost jumping out at him as Mac caressed her, she grabbed his hands, pressing them firmly into her bosom before pulling them sharply away. Mac continued his song, singing of her back, shoulders and touching waist. lovingly in each instance.

He came to her hips and once more insisted that we all view what he was singing about, twisting Petal around he loosened her pleated skirt and slowly and tantali-zingly he pushed her skirt down her hips, revealing miniscule panties in pink and black and the inevitable grip top stockings. Lowering the skirt down those beautiful long slim legs, he bent forward and pushed them down to her feet. Resting one hand daintily on his shoulder, Petal stepped neatly out of the skirt, posing with one hand on her hip and the other patting her hair.

The room was hushed | ration. now as she stood there provocatively pirouetting, bumping and grinding as she turned. I looked at the others, they were all star-ing at her in total fascination. I could see the tenting of Farouk and Josh's trousers as they stared at my sexy Petal. Mac was ease his hardening prick | movement he bent her

Mac broke the tension by singing again, everyone relaxed and watched carefully, all of us wondering no doubt how far they would go. Singing about her buttocks, Mac turned her round, passed his hands over the soft smooth cheeks of Petal's shifting about trying to arse and with a swift

"Quick as a flash he said, 'I don't think I'm doing this right, everyone should see what I'm singing about!' With that he reached forward and started undoing the buttons on Petal's blouse ..."

into a more comfortable position.

I was rather apprehensive about the situation, on the one hand I was a bit jealous of the other blokes seeing my girl-friend in her scanties and leering at her lovely body, and on the other a feeling of pride that she could turn people on as she was obviously doing, the other girls staring at her with a mixture of awe and admi-

over and standing alongside her, he caressed her cheeks lovingly, his fing-ers slipping down and easing her buttocks open slightly.

We could see a few stray hairs either side of the pink panties which nowhere near covered her palpitating cheeks. Her thighs guivered with tension as an occasional finger strayed close to her hidden charms.

Mac continued singing and when he mentioned her pubes, Petal didn't wait for him to go into his routine, but slipping her thumbs into the sides of her panties, she quickly wriggled them down her legs, stepped daintily out of them, gave them a whirl round her head, then wafted them under Mac's twitching nose before draping them over his head.

At this everyone burst into applause, whilst Petal posed and twirled around in front of us, leaning sexily against Mac, gently massaging his swelling cock with her stockinged knee. Mac grabbed hold of her and they fell on to the settee, where they started kissing passion-ately. Petal sucked avidly on his lips, inserting her knee between his thighs and caressing his groin through his trousers.

I looked at Betty standing beside me, her eyes were wide open as she



"It's about those love eggs you sold me ..."

stared at Mac and Petal. her hands were clutching her own breasts and wrenching at them convulsively. I was wondering whether to offer her any assistance when she darted over to the randy pair and fumbling hurriedly at Mac's trousers, undid the zip and fever-ishly yanked his trousers and underpants down. Mac yelped in pain as she caught his fiery hard-on in his underpants, quickly freeing it she grasped it firmly and dropped her

firmly and dropped her wide open mouth over the purple head.

Petal looked a bit put out at this and, looking at me, said, "Take her off and give her a good fucking, I want Mac!" Ever the besotted lover, I pulled Betty away and sank into an armshair guddling her an armchair cuddling her knees. She struggled at first but when I kissed her and her caressed ample breasts, she relaxed, slumped against me and returned my kisses with enthusiasm, wriggling her bottom over my rapidly hardening prick.

Looking over her shoulder I could see Josh and Jackie, Farouk and Mary getting it on together on the other side of the room. Switching my gaze to Mac and Petal I watched her clasp his rigid tool and wank it

determinedly.

Mac bent his head and eagerly flicked his tongue against a quivering nipple. Petal jumped spasmodically at this and, twisting her hips over Mac's, she straddled him and lowered herself grad-ually until the tip of his tool kissed her soft tender nether lips. At the contact Petal gasped and, inserting the purple head, sank slowly down on her haunches until she had completely engulfed the whole length.

Rapidly raising and lowering her hips, Petal hit a quick rhythm in a hectic fuck and in practically no time at all had Mac responding franti-cally. Fast and furious they rode, I could see the hard length of his prick shuttling in and out of Petal's pulsating pussy.

knob-end.

With a final shriek she sank right down on Mac's red, raw tool, shuddering into an abrupt climax and falling forward on to his chest.

Mac had obviously shot his load as well, slowly his deflating weapon eased out of her hungry cunt, followed by a veritable stream of frothy spunk.

In the meantime Betty had worked herself up into a lather, jumping off upwards to the fork of her

She was wearing a tiny pair of blue briefs, which were quite soggy at the crotch. I caressed her mound through her briefs, she resting her hands on my shoulder as she gave herself up to the pleasure was giving her.

Impatiently, I tugged her briefs down, she stepped out of them, and kneeling either side of me she lowered herself

"Reaching between us she guided my prick between her sloppy fanny lips, and when it was safely lodged inside she sank gratefully down, filled to the brim with my throbbing meat."

my knee she unfastened my trousers and eagerly pulled them down leaving them in a tangle around my ankles. Whilst she was thus engrossed her large unfettered boobs swung tantalizingly behind her loose cheesecloth shirt, the proud nipples punching indentations sexily into it.

I hefted a fulsome tit in my hands, flicking my thumbs across the sensitive tip I moulded and caressed it before reaching inside and freeing both mammaries to my avid hands. Falling on her knees she clasped my bursting prick in both hands, smoothing the precome juice over the engorged head before lowering her mouth over it, swirling her tongue around the sensitive

Rapidly, she worked her hand up and down, complementing the action with her active fingers clasped around my stem, Betty brought me to the brink of ejaculation. Sensing this she pulled her head away just in time, I lifted her up and straddled her over my legs. With a delicate touch I opened the folds of her wrap around skirt and pushed it wide apart, her alabaster thighs quivered

until her palpitating cunt lips touched my yearning cock. Reaching between us she guided my prick between her sloppy fanny lips, and when it was safely lodged inside she sank gratefully down, filled to the brim with my throbbing meat.

Pausing for a moment to savour the feel of me. she commenced a rocking motion which see-sawed my prick back and forth and across her fiery little clit. She stepped up a gear and rocked back and forth, bouncing the chair and me around. Grasping her firmly around the waist I hauled myself out of the chair, turned around and dropped Betty into the chair on her shoulders. With long steady strokes I plun-dered her soaking pussy, building up to a crescendo, letting forth a wild yell Betty shot her legs up into the air, grabbing me tightly around the neck and exploding into a shattering climax, triggering mine off as well. I pumped shot after shot into her hot sloshy love tube, finally collapsing on top of her gasping and panting for breath.

When I had regained my equilibrium, I peered around to see the others alabaster thighs quivered lying around in a post as I ran my hands fuck condition, dragging

themselves back towards | Farouk hammered Petal's reality; all except Petal, she was standing up and hips tightly he thrust his as I looked at her she said, "That was very nice for starters, I fancy something different now!" She was looking over at Farouk and Josh as she said this. Crossing to them she knelt down and clasped their now deflated cocks in her hands.

Studying them intently she licked her lips and started wanking them occasionally together, ending over and sucking them alternately. This soon had the desired effect, gradually both cocks rose to their fullest extent and what pricks they were, Josh sported a good nine inches and Farouk an inch longer. Petal confirmed this with a tape measure later.

When she was satisfied with her handiwork, she turned her back on Farouk and proceeded to slot her mobile mouth over Josh's ebony stick, at the same time waggling her arse at Farouk indi-cating she wanted him to fuck her from the rear.

Kneeling behind her Farouk prodded at her succulent cunt lips with his mighty knob, parting the mushy lips with his fingers before easing his awesome length slowly inside her eager cunt. It was quite amazing to witness Petal's dexterity, even though she seemed to be fully occupied with gobbling Josh's black battering ram, she wriggled her arse forwards, backwards and sideways, facilitating Farouk's entrance.

Pushing slowly in and out, Farouk eased his gigantic tool forward until finally his groin met Petal's arse and he could go no further. His pelvis commenced a smooth oscillation, on his forward stroke a farting sound emanated from her bulging snatch as the pressure

in her fanny built up.

With each stroke he
pushed Petal forward, she neatly timed it so that as he pushed her mouth went down the length of Josh's tool and as he pulled back so did she. Pounding merrily away

arse cheeks, gripping her mighty weapon solidly home, attaching her accommodating cunt with vigour, until with a groan forced through clenched teeth, he rammed in violently filling her pulsating quim with a veritable flood of spunk, some of which was forced out between their bodies as he pushed hard against

Whilst Farouk was slowly descending from his peak, Petal continued to lap and suck Josh's throbbing prick, cuddling and caressing his balls with one hand and wanking his tool with the other absolutely in charge of the whole situation. With a bellow Josh grabbed her head and jabbed his prick hard into her mouth, we could see her throat moving convulsively as she swallowed his load.

Finally Josh sagged back and Petal sat up, grinning lasciviously as we all burst into a round of applause. She obvi-

ously hadn't come during the double assault on her, no doubt because she had been concentrating on satisfying Farouk and

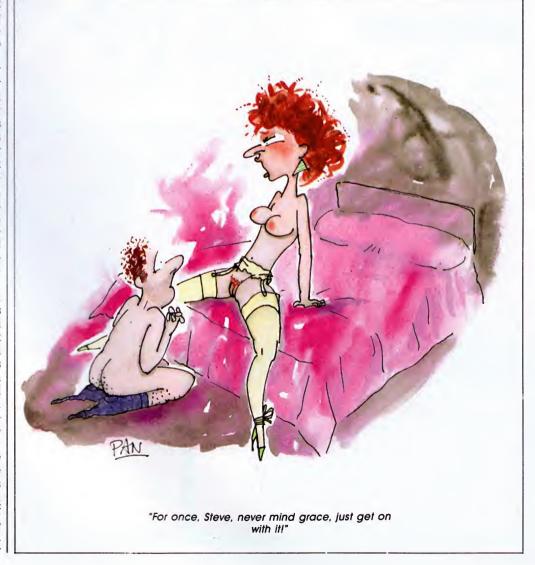
"His pelvis commenced a smooth oscillation, on his forward stroke a farting sound emanated from her bulging snatch as the pressure in her fanny built up."

Josh, because looking calculatingly at me she said, "I want you to fuck me now."

I wanted to with a fervour I never thought myself capable of, the sight of Petal servicing first Mac and then Josh and Farouk and then coming to me to be finished off pleased me immensely, in a perverse kind of way it was a back

handed compliment.

That was not the end of the proceedings for that night, but I think that is enough for now. If you would like me to continue the saga of Perpetual Petal I'll let you have another episode later on. 'Anytime...' etc. Mac's nickname for her, 'Martini', was born that night - and you can see why. -I.W., Wolverhampton.





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THE HONEYMOONERS at the Brighton were playing on the beach with a rubber ring when suddeenly they stopped. Looking long and hard at each other, they embraced, kissed, ran fevered hands over each other's body, then strode off in the direction of their hotel.

'Ahah!' muttered an observer to his friend. 'Did vou see that - quoitus interruptus!"

. . .

AN OLD MAN was dying. Before he died he turned to IF GOD'S A MAN - why do his wife and said: When I came home in 1941, you were there by my side."

He choked and fought for breath. When I was freed from the Scrubs back in 1953 - you were by my side too."

He wiped a tear from his eye. When the shop went bankrupt and I was penniless - it was you by my side."

He looked at the ceiling. 'And now I'm dying ... you're still here." He looked her in the eyes. I think you're a fucking jinx!"

'JOHNNY, YOU'RE LATE again," scolded the attractive young teacher at the village school. What is your excuse this time?"

'I had to take the bull to the cow this morning, miss," sniffed the ten year old boy standing before her.

'Can't your father do that?" asked the exasperated teacher.

'No miss! It has to be a real bull! he explained.

That joke you heard in the pub last night could get you a crisp blue fiver. Send your funnies to: Knave Plays Joker, P.O. Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.

THE OTHER DAY," the woman said to her psychiatrist, "I found my son playing with the girl next door in the garden. They were both completely naked, and were examining each other's bodies."

"That's not unusual," smiled the psychiatrist. 1 wouldn't worry about it."

"But I am worried, doctor," insisted the woman. 'And so is my son's wife!'

MARY CAME BACK from lunch and saw the rest of the office girls lying naked on the floor. Quickly, she took her clothes off and joined them in anticipation of a good time.

The girl on her right whispered, Wipe that grin off your face, Mary. This is a stick-up not an office party."

we say grace?

GEORDIE PASSING a travel agency when he notices a sign saying, "Mediterranean Cruise – 14 days – £20". The Geordie goes into the shop and inquires about the cruise, and is told to go into another room, which he does. As he enters the room someone hits him over the head and knocks him out.

A cockney sees the sign, goes into the shop and he too is sent into the room and gets a whack over the head.

Then a Brummie inquires about the cruise, gets sent into the room and he too gets whacked over the head.

The three of them come to in a rowing boat in the middle of the sea with no land in sight. The Geordie starts to panic, shouting, 'What are we going to do?'

'Don't worry,' says the Cockney, 'they'll send a helicopter out for us."

They fucking didn't last year," says the Brummie.



MUCH SMITTEN in the loins with a pretty typist he happened to notice, the big boss invited her into his office. After making a lot of small talk with her, and filling her up with copious quantities of the office tipple, he managed to unbutton her plouse, ease out her breasts and chew the nipples on them.

"I'm crazy for you, kid," he panted. "Tell you what - you make oral love to me and I'll personally see that you're promoted by next week."

"What do you take me for!" cried the girl, "I don't swallow

WHAT GOES IN straight and hard and comes out soft and sticky?

Chewing gum.

. . .

DID YOU hear about the Fiesta Editor who thought a deadline was a funeral procession?

WHAT DO you get if you cross Chernobyl with a whore's fanny? - Nuclear fall-in!

. . .

A GUY couldn't get a woman, no matter how hard he tried. In the end. he undertook a six-month intensive course in hypnotism. Armed with his newfound skills, he set off for a night-club, where he immediately put the first girl he saw under his influence. He ordered her to take him to her flat. When they got there, he began to undress

'Do you know what I'm doing?" he asked.

You are taking my clothes off," she intoned, 'and there's nothing I can do about it."

Then he began licking her tits and rubbing her pussy. 'Do you kow what I'm doing now?' he asked.

The girl stared blankly ahead. You are licking my tits and rubbing my pussy and there's nothing I can do about it."

The bloke then laid her on the bed and began to fuck her. What am I doing now?" he asked her, pant-

You are catchina a dose and there's nothing I can do about it ..."

BILL AND BEN were having a bath together.

'Flobalobalob,' said

"Eh?" said Ben. "Nothing," said Bill. "I just farted."



Silk & Satin purchase for the lady — of ladies in your life, make a note of the reference numbers, and send us the right money plus the completed order form from page 93. All you have to do then is wait for the postman!

As promised — every item of lingerie featured in this Silk & Satin Special issue is available direct from Knave's mail order department. Look through the following ten pages, and you'll find each of the gorgeous Knave girls who have appeared in this issue, wearing nothing but a sexy look and the lingerie you've already seen them modelling — plus some new items for you to feast your eyes upon! Choose the items you want to purchase for the lady — or ladies reference numbers, and send us the



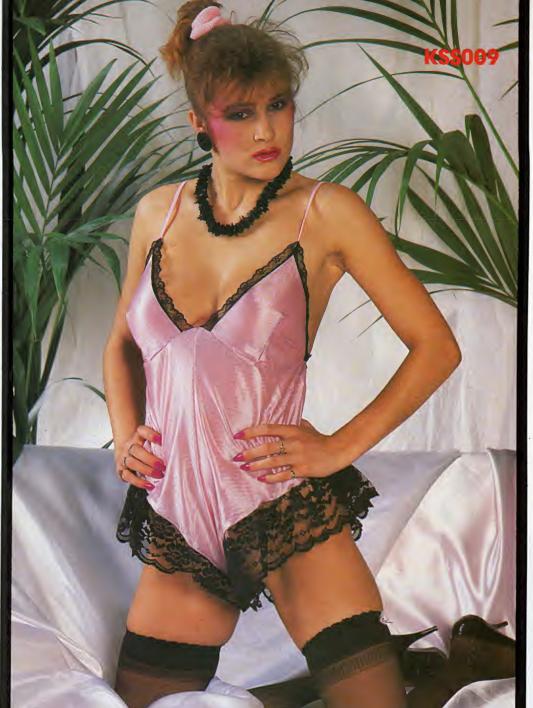


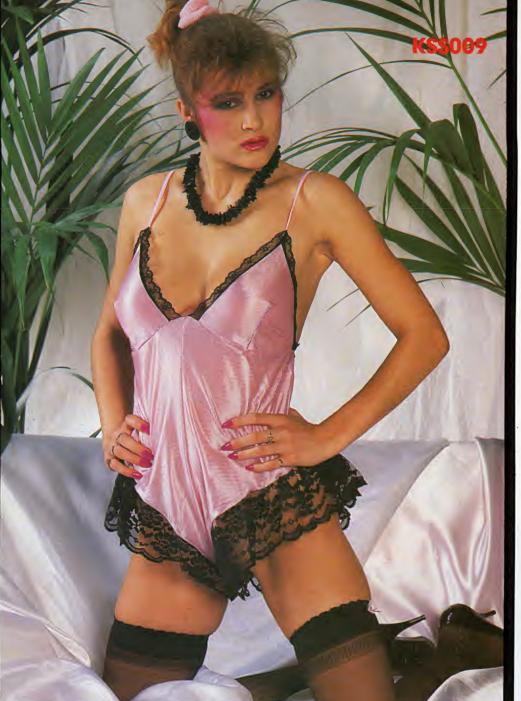
















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Noire wants you to be fully informed on the ecstatic pleasures of silk - and don't be surprised or you'll give yourself away. A gift of this sexy stuff can give wings to your sex life, turn dolt into debonair, stupid to suave and clod into pure class. It's instant gratification. lust-arousing love, and if you don't think it doesn't put heat into a woman.

Dear gentlemen of mine, gather

this column and listen closely: Ms

your handsome selves around

For all you who have ever bought those harshly shiny polyester knickers and bras from some dingy sex shop - I have seen men who have scratched their noses, digging them in that stuff edged with lace that feels like corrugated iron. Pffft! No more of that, darlings, unless you like your women running around like an old relic of the red-light district. The true sensualist wouldn't be caught dead

fingering that stuff. Trying to seduce? A small token of silk oils the path. You already have her? Keep it alive. Silk retains body heat, and feels much warmer under your hands, or other good digits -'welcoming to the touch', as one conoisseur man of mine puts it. The softness and smooth slip of the stuff feels sensual - and any bump or curve or texture feels much sexier underneath. A woman loves being stroked over it - and I've never known a man who could keep his paws off, the beasts. Silk also retains the skin's smell - be it perfumed of body-juiced - so bury your

nose in that one! It may not be as expensive as you think, angels, to buy a pair of bikini knickers. Janet Reger and Keturah Brown run pricey shop in London where they can run negligees from thirty to a few hundred pounds. But they are beautiful confections of satin and lace and make any woman look like a sexual goddess. (Oh, how silk celebrates the body!) And you know women: when they look sexy, they feel sexy and act ... oooh. When you stop and think what you spend in the pub in one month ... well, what you sacrifice you'll enjoy in the end (or hers!). Or try Knickerbox. the new Tie Rack/Sock Shop' type kiosk found at train stations (and Regent Street) in London,

and, no doubt by this time, branches elsewhere. They do mail order, too.) Silk bikinis in black or pink or whatever for £5.99, or a skinny silk satin top for £14.99 ... very nice. You want her to wear stockings? Buy her silk ones - and a silk garter belt. She'd have to have a heart of rock not to oblige. Again, darlings, I remind you: if she feels sexy, she acts it - and you both

The fact is, silk turns you into a lover with class - and that's a turn on! I never wear anything else. Oh. vum!

Q: Whenever I undress a woman. which I love to do, gently, as a sexy prelude to good lovemaking. I obviously want things to go smoothly and fluidly. When I end up fumbling with her bra - those damned hooks! - it spoils the effect. Any advice? - W.R., (Devon).

A: Oh, a man after my own ... heart. I have to tell you, if you were too smooth, my dear, she'd probably wonder how many bras you'd gone through to be that dead certain! A little fumble makes you real, and since both of you, especially if it's early days, aren't so cool-feeling, keep some of that humanness in, please. It puts her at ease, too.

But a tip or two, anyway: take your time when you get her shirt or top off. You can turn her around and stroke her all over, slithering one strap down, meanwhile, you quickly glimpse how many hooks there are. (Or whether or not it even opens from the back!). Then you can kiss her on the mouth while you slowly - no harsh movements please! - undo one hook at a time. Keep everything deliberate. You can also sneak behind her. caressing her shoulders with your hands, your lips grazing the back of her neck - then, planting kisses down her back, unhook you can see what you're doing. You might also want to remember that we have our fumbly moments, too - like getting off those cuffs, of that belt ... or those buttons ...

If you're really desperate, you can practice like my friend does getting familiar with fifty different kinds of bras. Of course, he gets some pretty strange looks in those lingerie departments ... You could also

buy her a gorgeous bra that you've practiced on already! (Silk, of course.) Happy un-hookina!

Q: This may sound odd, but is it possible for jogging to help your sex life? I've been feeling better about it since I started to take up the sport. - C.W., (Hounslow). A: That's not in your head, dear - a lot of people have found a strong link between keeping in shape and being a great lover (This is true — Ed.). Exercise helps emotional balance - and a good run or exercise session helps to relieve depression and anxiety, which are two good reasons for sexual poop-out. It makes any natural function work better. And you don't tire as easily during sex, either. You're undoubtedly more aware of your body, which can make you feel sexier, too. Nice going, nice coming. Well done!

Q: I have a really great relationship with a man I've been seeing. But one thing bothers me: when I'm alone with him, and his cock is out, I get very turned on, even wet. And he hasn't even touched me. Is that normal? -M.M. (Heme Bay).

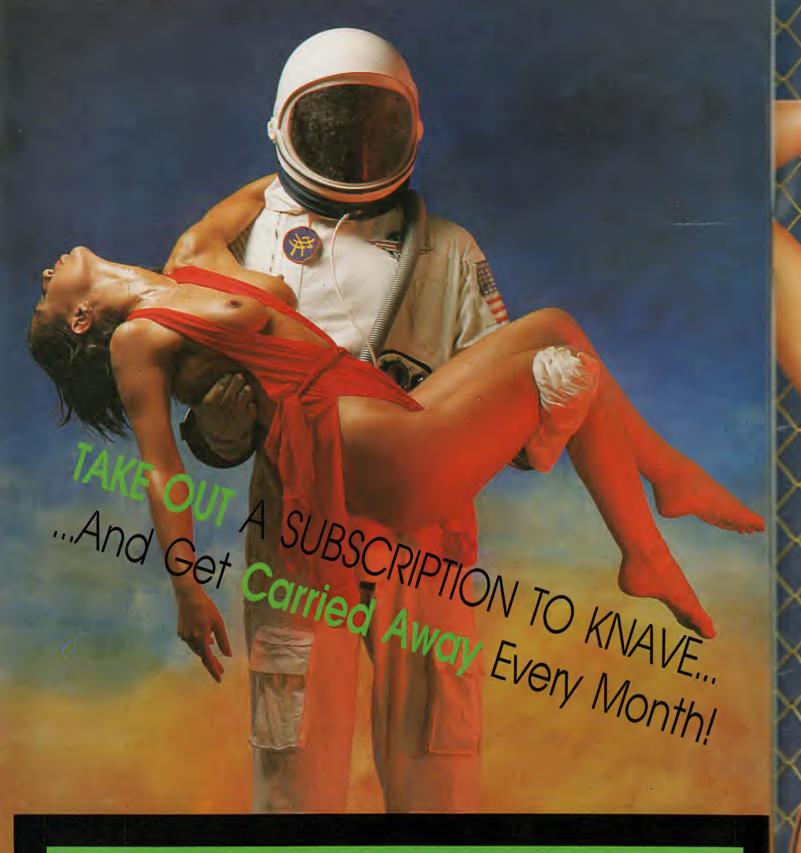
A: (Doesn't it get cold?) No, it's great! Men are considered to be more responsive to visual cues than women (hence good old Knave!) - and we're often seen to be passive when it comes to such generated sexual energy. Wrong!! A lot of us get our own jollies, visually! Enjoy yourself.

Q: Can excessive masturbation change the shape of a woman's genitals? I saw a pom movie where the woman looked - well different from me. She had more protruding 'lips'. Just curious. -F.S., (Oxon).

A: Curiosity satisfied. One more thing to blame masturbation on. in addition to warts? Nope - it just brings pleasure, not biological or physiological changes. Any differences you see in women's anatomy are just that - differences. Keeps the human race from being boring We're not all clones, you know. No rose unfolds the same way says a connoisseur friend of mine, well versed in such matters. And he's quite a gardener.



Problem? Reasonable questions answered. If unreasonable, they'll either get trashed or passed around for a smirk or a laugh in the office! Write to: What's Your Problem? Knave, P.O. Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.



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